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To Miss  
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EMMELINE DOULTON  
OF  
MIRAMAR

IN MEMORIAM

BOOK OF  
COLUMBIA

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*Her Mottoes*

*"If you trust in God and yourself you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not be always asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely."*

*Bismarck.*

*"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame."*

*Longfellow.*

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WHEN death overtakes us and a friend steps out of our lives, we would hasten to set down some thoughts and remembrances to preserve the story and keep bright the picture of the life and personality.

Those who knew Mrs. Doulton are especially drawn to keep her thus in remembrance because first of all she was a delightful friend, faithful, devoted, self-sacrificing, kind, sane and wise; and besides this, though of secondary importance to those who called her friend, she was the builder and perfecter of the beautiful and beneficent "Miramar." As there is no word to really describe her as a woman and a friend, so there is no defining word for "Miramar," the peculiar product of her genius.

To have built up out of the dusty plain on the edge of the high bluff above the Pacific this place of joy and comfort for the best of people to grow better and happier

in, with peculiar elements of contenting beauty and repose, somehow not even marred by the frequent dash of heavy railway traffic through the very grounds, is the work of real and rare genius.

Says Lyman Abbott in the Outlook: "Three miles from Santa Barbara, directly on the sea, is one of the most charming resorts I have ever visited. I hesitate to mention Miramar, lest by advertising it I should do something to rob it of that quality which is its chiefest charm, and also because while it is a resort, it seems more like a private home of which one may not speak publicly with propriety. It is a group of cottages shaded by trees, embowered in roses, encircled by the mountains a few miles back, and with the music of a quiet sea upon the beach singing the cottages to sleep. I got an inkling of the reason for the artistic taste which characterizes this little group of

homes when I was told that Mr. Doulton, the founder of the village, was a brother of the Doulton whose English ware is famed for its beauty throughout the world. His widow is the presiding genius of this ideal village in which the charm of English rural homes, Italian sunny skies and American mountain scenery are strangely commingled."

The lovers of Miramar never rush by, even at the highest speed, without an eager look from the window or platform, a sense of both joy and indebtedness, a wistful planning for the future, which even the absence of the soul of it all does not quell.

Miramar is so much a part of the life that is ended and that we would not forget, that a few words about its development seem to belong here.

The property, about sixteen acres, was purchased in 1875 and for about ten years the family lived in the small house by themselves.

But the farming and fruit growing was not profitable and Mr. Doulton opened a real estate and insurance office in Santa Barbara and served as reporter of the Superior Court for a few years. In 1887, a friend in San Francisco begged to spend a summer holiday with them and with Mrs. Doulton's reluctant consent begins the reception of guests and the development of "Miramar." Some of us remember vividly the old red house, all by itself, and as always the lawns, the trees, the flowers, the sense of loveliness and of an interesting and wise and self-sacrificing personality in command.

In 1889 came the first graceful little separate cottage, of shakes and cloth. Now there are twenty-five buildings and the whole neighborhood round about is built up with charming cottages and houses inspired to good taste and beauty by the Miramar example and the Miramar neighborliness and worth.

Every departing guest is not now-a-days showered with pink geraniums but he is as loth to step upon the train and returns as gladly as in the old times.

We of the old days shall not forget the comfortable gatherings in the old drawing room, the pleasant meetings with pleasant people, the music, the games with children old and young, Mr. Doulton's delightful voice in reading or story-telling and the friendly but not intrusive association of all the guests. With large numbers this has largely changed but the charm persists.

Children have always been welcome at Miramar and happy there and have learned many lessons in manners and morals.

So much is said of Miramar because it is to Mrs. Doulton that it owes its peculiar characteristics and its peculiar success. She is most intimately associated with the charm of it for all who knew it in its



beginnings and they feel her in it still, in its larger growth, even after her departure.

## II.

The qualities that come to mind as we think of Mrs. Doulton are sagacity and effectiveness; tact; kindness; self-sacrifice; an unusual quality of kindly humor; judgment and skill in helping people to enjoy each other; strength to bear her own burdens, even the heaviest, with outward cheer and no faltering; and wisdom and helpfulness in others' troubles.

When adversity came she met it smiling and simply did what should be done.

To her neighbors in the old days and to the many guests of many kinds that Miramar has known, her daily life was a rendering, when needed, of wise and kind counsel in sickness, distress and perplexity, helpful with every resource; and no

less so in plans for pleasure. She was good to confide in for comfort or help or for the pure joy of sympathy and humorous appreciation.

One of the characteristics of her genius was the keen and yet tactful way in which she brought some rude, inconsiderate, or blundering person to a sense of truer perspective, leaving no sting, but rather gratitude and confident friendship.

She would lend her house and her ingenuity to giving the right touch of joyousness and dignity to a wedding. Nor did she fail when death called for a different sort of help and devotion. Every good thing in the community counted on her sympathetic and effective assistance. She was always wise, sane and generous.

It is hard to imagine Miramar without her, to fail to meet her among her flowers, deep in the perplexities of difficult administration, but ready to smile or chat and throw

out keen words of profitable comment. She seemed always to have leisure for kindness and companionship.

### III.

We who have thus enjoyed some intimate acquaintance with Miramar and with Miramar's delightful mistress would gladly know something of the earlier life out of which these two rare individualities took their origin, for we think of Miramar itself almost as a personality.

Emmeline Ritchie was born in 1841 in Blackheath, London. At the age of fifteen years she went with her two younger sisters to Australia to join her father and mother who were already there. At seventeen she married Josiah Doulton, son of John Doulton, founder of the Doulton Potteries at Lambeth, London, and for nine years they made their home in Australia living in Adelaide and



Melbourne. Two sons and a daughter were born there.

The Australian life brought business activities, delightful society, many musical friends, and some exciting experiences in one of which on a ride through the bush they were shot at by bush-rangers. Twice the family made visits to England by sailing-vessels around the Horn. On one of these, the little girl aged eighteen months died and was buried at sea.

After leaving Australia and living in London for seven years where two sons were born, the family migrated again in search of health and better business prospects; and this time to a plantation at New Garden, Gilford County, six miles from Greensborough in North Carolina. Here a daughter, the youngest child, was born.

The climate was a great disappointment and Mr. Doulton's health not being benefited, the charm of

Santa Barbara, its climate and its hot springs, attracted them to this coast. With the five children the long journey was made direct to Santa Barbara where they lived for two years. In 1875 came the final move to Montecito and the spot where Miramar was to develop.

Mr. Doulton died in April 1903, at the age of 73. Mrs. Doulton died December 27th, 1910, aged 69, leaving two sons and a daughter, all married, and seven grandsons.

These many and varied experiences were the school of preparation out of which grew the strong character upon which so many came to depend and the peculiar success of Miramar. Her constant prayer, she once said, was for wisdom. And if Solomon's riches and long life were not added in any miraculous degree, it was none the less a most happy and successful life rich in the greater blessings.

## IV.

A few sentences and phrases from the letters of friends add a touch of vividness that we would not lose.

"Miramar has indeed lost its very heart and soul."

"To me she was a wonderful woman, so brave and graceful, and so cheerful whenever adversity overtook her."

"What a wonderful woman she was! You can well revere her memory and look back with pride to all she accomplished in her life. Such a record few women leave behind them."

"I shall never forget all the hospitality we received there, with the enjoyment, too, of innumerable delightful gatherings and the beauty and charm of the place itself. We

felt it in full force on that Sunday when we went to dine and saw it for the first time, a charm which never faded.

With all those early days, among the happiest of my life, 'Miramar' is always among the most prominent factors, and now, with so many gone who were then active there, I hold the memory as a cherished possession."

"I had some letters written to me from Miramar by my brother and Mrs. X--- when they first went there nineteen years ago, telling of its beauty and the atmosphere of kindness that pervaded the place; and dwelling particularly upon your dear Mother's attractive personality. I cannot recall the words they used to describe her, but they were so sincere as to make me long to know her, and when I did meet her the next winter, I was instantly ready to respond to her expressions of

sympathy, for she had more than any woman I have ever known, the true insight which sympathy gives, and such a kindly and humorous way with people's faults and foibles. She left us always with the impression of having been a most delightful companion and sympathetic friend; I cherish her memory and the memory of many happy days spent at dear Miramar."

"I will tell you all I can of dear Mrs. Doulton's earlier work.

She was one of the active assistants of Mr. Turnbull in organizing the Union Sunday School; one of the first teachers; always had charge of the preaching service or of getting a minister; and was for five years or more superintendent of the Sunday School. We often took turns in reading a short sermon when no minister came, and she was always prepared with something, if needed.



She often took people in for a night or two, or for a week, that needed a rest or a change, and was one of the good Samaritans of the valley, until her hands were full to overflowing with work in connection with Miramar. She also helped very materially in organizing the Montecito church. You remember it was she and her class of big boys that raised the money and themselves mostly made the pulpit for the church.

I think I can say she never held back or refused any call where her help was needed, in her church, in town, or in the mission work in the valley, and she was always one of the first to know of any case of trouble or distress and eager to have the rest of us help her where we were needed.

She was a loving mother, a devoted wife and a good, loyal friend."

"Everyone who knew her fell under the charm of her personality and I know how deeply she will be mourned by her many friends all over this country. It was her fortune to be able, in a far greater measure than falls to the lot of most of us, to make many people happy and right royally she grasped it and made the most of it. I used, when at Miramar, to feel at times that the burden was greater than she could carry but when I saw how much pleasure she took in her work, in spite of its cares, I realized that if it were taken from her, her life in a short time would seem rather stale and profitless."

"She had such a splendid, large personality that the very fact of her being in the world seemed to give stability and staunchness and strength to those who knew her."

"I shall never forget how good she was to me years ago when I was sick with grippe at Miramar. And she was always doing things for people---the right thing at the right time always. The great achievement, of course, was the building up of Miramar into so well loved a place for the nicest of people to be well and happy in. That was the work of genius. But her friends think more of her unfailing kindness and good judgment and charm and interestingness.

"Port after stormy seas! and indeed she had many stormy seas to go through, only her courage kept her afloat. Her example has been such a help to me and still will be in my stormy seas! God grant that I shall also win through and make as brave a fight."

"She has fought a good fight and finished a beautiful record of brave



endurance and of noble achievement and of life long devotion, not to her own alone, but to the needy and burdened who came within her reach. I wish the story of her career could be written sympathetically, for it was a wonderfully interesting life from first to last. I came to know intimately much of her history and incidentally how much she did for whatever community she lived in—England, Australia, North Carolina, Santa Barbara, not only by her brave example and wise advice, but by actual labor, day and night,—and always cheerful and inspiring,—her very presence a blessing."

"Such a rare woman, such a grand woman---so human, so loveable, so true and fine in every relation in life. Every recollection of her is an inspiration to those who were privileged to know her."

"Miramar at that time, though possessed of great natural beauty and advantages, was a simple ranch house with one cottage and several tents that could be put up on the lawn when needed. Its transition from a home into a seaside resort was already beginning, however. Two elder sons were married, two younger sons and a daughter remained at home. Family cares were less absorbing. Mrs. Doulton used to say that she never refused to take in anybody who wished to come. Sometimes, with her fine sense of humor, she admitted wondering how she was going to manage it. I remember once Mr. and Mrs. Doulton giving up their own bedroom and betaking themselves to a tent outside.

It was a young, merry atmosphere, with music, dancing, games, riding parties, impromptu picnics, driftwood fires and corn roasts on the beach, swimming and fishing. A

shortage in the commissary department for our simple Sunday night supper was a pleasant excuse for a row out to the kelp for crayfish. Haymaking was a joyous frolic for boys and girls of all ages. Mr. Douulton's beautiful voice in Old English songs and readings from Shakespeare is a delight to recall. Like attracts like and there was plenty of good talk. Mrs. Douulton's varied life and dramatic sense made her an admirable raconteur. Her wide sympathy, tact, and kindness made her an ideal hostess bringing out what was best in everyone around her. I remember well a spoiled little orphan boy of Irish extraction, who had perhaps early imbibed race prejudice, saying to his sister, 'Josephine, I don't believe England can be such a bad country. Why, Mrs. Douulton came from there.' The incident pleased her. She was herself a living example that 'Amor omnia vincit.'

And my love and admiration for this grand woman, strong in natural gifts of executive ability and rich in infinite patience, faith, hope and charity, date from that summer and only deepen with the years."

"Your mother was a very exceptional woman. I have rarely met one with a keener mind than hers. She was always planning for large things, and yet never stepping an inch beyond her ability to construct and manage. What was especially remarkable was that while carrying heavy burdens, she seemed always to be bubbling over with good cheer. Her kindly big nature was in evidence, and while she was invariably true to her duties, yet she approached everyone in such a way as to win friends. Indeed I should say that she had in a marked degree what we call a capacity for friendship. Surely every one she touched felt drawn to her, and it was largely

because of that generous, loving character of which I have spoken."

"Mrs. Doulton said, 'I must have a name for the place, can you not suggest one?' I thought of the well known Spanish name of Maximilian's palace, at Trieste, and said, 'Why don't you call it Miramar, which means Behold the Sea.' It took her fancy at once and in her prompt way of doing things she ordered a sign painted the next day."

"Miramar was the result of her courageous and intelligent effort. She found it a small, remote ranch and left it to her children, a beautiful possession having a world wide reputation."

"I cannot seem to grasp the fact that she is no longer there among the flowers, with her happy smile and cordial greeting."













